

# Swaggering Man.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

The BETRAYED MAIDEN.

THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.



G L A S G O W,

Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON,  
Saltmarket, 1800.



## THE SWAGGERING MAN.

**I** A M a blade that hath no trade,  
 most people do adore me.  
 And I can hector, swagger, and lie,  
 and drive a town before me.  
 I have a wife of wanton strife,  
 she drives me to trapan, Sir;  
 I nothing say but hike my way,  
 there goes the swaggering man, Sir.  
 With my silk hose, and square-toed shoes,  
 I hector, swear, and swagger;  
 And every coxcomb that I meet,  
 I push him with my dagger.  
 At cards and dice I am the man,  
 I am the noted gamester;  
 I love my health, and cock my felt,  
 there goes the swaggering Man, Sir.  
 O then I go to the Royal Exchange,  
 where merchants they are walking;  
 All this seems something odd to me,  
 they idly are all talking:  
 But if a purse, or a gold watch,  
 come by the slight of hand, Sir,  
 I nothing say, but hike my way,  
 there goes the swaggering man, Sir.  
 From thence I to the tavern go,  
 where a waiter does attend me,

I call for liquor of the best,  
 the ladies do commend me.  
 Behind the door there stands my score,  
 the shot they do demand, Sir,  
 I nothing say, but hike my way,  
 there goes the swaggering man, Sir.

From thence I go to Paternoster-Row,  
 where they deal in silk and sattin;  
 I pay for one and hike up three,  
 all this is no false Latin;  
 But if I'm catch'd, O then I'm snatch'd,  
 and oblig'd to give an answer;  
 I'm guilty found, and must come down,  
 from being a swaggering man, Sir.

But now I have spent all my means  
 among those rakish fellows:  
 And am at last condemn'd and cast,  
 to hang upon a gallows,  
 I sail to Tyburn in a cart,  
 my body to advance, Sir,  
 The ladies cry, as I pass by,  
 don't hang the swaggering man, Sir.



## THE BETRAYED MAIDEN.

**A** Brazier's daughter who lived near,  
 A pretty story you shall hear,  
 And she would up to London go,  
 To seek a service as you shall know.

Her master having only one son,  
Sweet Betsey's heart was fairly won,  
For Betsey being so very fair,  
She drew his heart in a fatal snare.

One Sunday night he took his time,  
Unto sweet Betsey he told his mind,  
Swearing by all the Powers above,  
'Tis you, sweet Betsey, 'tis you I love.

His mother happening for to hear,  
Which threw his heart in a fatal snare ;  
But soon she contriv'd sweet Betsey away,  
For a slave in the province of Virginia.

Betsey, Betsey, pack up your clothes,  
And go with me for a day or two,  
And go with me for a day or two,  
Some of our relations for to view.

Both rode till they came to a sea-port town,  
Where ships were sailing in the Downs,  
Where ships were sailing in the Downs,  
Unto Virginia they were bound.

She hir'd a boat, and 'long-side they went,  
Sweet Betsey rode in sad discontent ;  
But now sweet Betsey's upon the seas,  
But Betsey's gone for an arrant slave.

A few days after she return'd again,  
You're welcome, mother, says the son,  
But where is Betsey, tell me, pray,  
That she so long behind doth stay ?



O son! O son! I plainly see,  
 How great your love's for sweet Betsy,  
 Of all such thoughts you must refrain,  
 Since Betsy's sailing o'er the wat'ry main.

We would rather see our son lie dead,  
 Than with a servant girl to wed.  
 His father spoke it most scornfully,  
 It will bring disgrace to our family.

Four days after the son fell bad,  
 No kind of music could make him glad,  
 He sigh'd and slumber'd, and oft did cry,  
 'Tis for you, sweet Betsy, for you I die.

A few days after the son was dead,  
 They wrung their hands, & shook their head,  
 Saying. If our son would but rise again,  
 We would send for Betsy over the main.



## THE ORANGE AND BLUE.

**I**T was on a Monday morning,  
 as I was going to Mass,  
 I had no mind of list'ning,  
 until they did me press.

Bad company enticed me to  
 partake of a full flowing bowl,  
 And the advance money they gave me,  
 was a guinea and a crown.

O! my dearest dear he is lifted,  
 and ta'en a white cockade,  
 O! he is a clever fellow;  
 beside he's a roving blade.

Sure he is a clever fellow,  
 and is gone to serve the King;  
 My ver. heart is a bleeding  
 all for the love of him.

It was on a Monday morning,  
 just by the break of day,  
 The Captain commanded the Lieutenant,  
 to march thole men away.

He march'd them all in rank and file,  
 all on the Irish shore,  
 Fare you well sweet Molly dear,  
 if I never see you more.

He pull'd out his pocket-kerchief,  
 and wip'd her crystal eyes,  
 He says my dearest jewel,  
 I'm sorry for your sighs.

But if ever I come back again,  
 and all goodness spares my life,  
 There is not a woman breathing,  
 but you I'll make my wife.

My dear I will convoy you,  
 as far as sweet Straban,  
 My dearest I'll convoy you  
 as far as e'er I can.

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My hand I never did give  
to any man but you,  
And now you're going to leave me  
for the orange and the blue.

He's gone, he's gone and left me,  
behind him for to rove,  
His name I'll carve on every tree,  
through Belanamurry grove,  
Please God that he return again  
and his consort make me,  
I'll prove a faithful loving wife,  
until the day I die.



## G O D S A V E T H E Q U E E N .

**H** A I L ! hail thou Queen divine,  
Charlotte doth deign to shine  
On England's trade,  
Good to us doth impart,  
God blefs her royal heart,  
From want we feel no smart,  
God save the Queen.

At the drawing-room there was seen,  
Charlotte our gracious Queen,  
Drest all in white,  
Spitalfield's filk did wear,  
Our drooping trade to cheer,  
Beauteous she did appear,  
God save the Queen.

Long time the weaving trade  
Has been most sore decay'd,

Distress to be seen,  
Till Charlotte so good and great,  
Thought on our wretched state,  
Snatch'd us from pining fate,  
God save the Queen.

They from Mecklenburgh did her bring,  
To bless our royal King,  
Such a Princess scarce seen,  
Worth and truth to adorn,  
Bright as the rising morn,  
We bless the time she was born,  
God save the Queen.

Quickly at Court was seen  
Gentry dress'd like our Queen,  
In Spitalfield's silks,  
Once more we are alive,  
The weaving trade doth revive,  
By her means we all do thrive,  
God save the Queen.

So God bless the Royal Pair,  
Guard them with heavenly care,  
May their days glide serene,  
Long may their happy state,  
Meet with all blessings great,  
Guarded by watchful fate,  
God save the Queen.

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Printed by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, 1800.

